

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE

"Many report that vampires do exist, they say. Their numerous creatures are said to arise from the bodies of the dead at night, travel great spaces, then inject themselves on the bodies of the living as they sleep. These feed purposes is to suck off blood, of which they are notably fond. How is him marked by a vampire, for he will be dead, and on his neck will be three red marks at the three points of a triangle. These be the marks of the vampire's teeth." —From An Old Carpathian Almanac

EVERY CITY has its "lovers' lane." In Oakland, said, closer to San Francisco in this friendly family whose hearts is the great swirling rim of the bay by the Golden Gate, lovers take to the hills. There is a favorite place in the uplands that run north and south behind the city, a meadowy spot at the head of 16th Avenue where the condensation from roads on windy nights, where there are no neighbors to pry, and the lonely road has nowhere to go.

There's rarely a night when the condensation is not thickening with the pulse of cars. They creep up the hill like a procession of rats, lights fading the misted roads, lights snapping off when they've found a place. On clear nights when the moon hangs high, you can see a million lights blinking on the dark carpet of land and water below, where Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco and a dozen others showing communities cling to the un-wooded shore. There's a gentle breeze in the coat of the air, and there's warmth in the smell of new leaves north. They call it Lovers' Lane.

In this, trying place on a December morning in 1938 came Stanley Jones of Oakland, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Jones.

They had plodded up the steep slopes not long after dawn, when the wild grass was still shivering with dew, to park the roadhouse that yellow-dot the shaded banks. The car was on a higher road now and Jones, sitting down to rest at



FOUND AT LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS

At night in woods below Vliet, homicide officer in California's most famous death mystery. Found in the twilight above Oakland, her blood here the victim's teeth marks shown in photo below

By CARLTON RUSSELL

A triangular symbol on a slain girl's neck sends Oakland police on a hunt for a fanatical killer



the edge of the road shaded his eyes and led them away across the grassy meadow before.

Suddenly he leaned forward and something came into perspective that narrowed his eyes. It was a white blur, down to a gully fifty yards distant—a corner spot that looked strangely like a human face. Jones stood up and nudged Miss Jaynes.

"Do you see that thing down there, mother?" he asked.

Mrs. Jaynes followed the line of his pointing finger. "Why, yes. Yes, I do. I wonder what it is."

"I'm going down and look," Jones jerked up his raincoat button and started down through the thick, dry grass, with Mrs. Jaynes at his heels. He could see the object a little better now and finally, after he had covered half the distance, Jones turned back to his mother-in-law with an understanding grin.

"No wonder it looked like a face," he said. "It's one of those departed mice creatures that they hang down on."

"What on earth is it doing up here?" she said.

Jones laughed. "Probably some of the students over at the University of California brought it up here for a gag. He went on down the grade chuckling to himself. 'If it isn't too heavy, maybe we can take it home and have some fun with it.'"

He laughed his stride, tripping steadily to avoid loose stones, and soon reached the head of the driveway out onto the hard soil by the north of winter corn. There he stopped short, with the muscles of his legs convulsively flexing, and he looked back at Mrs. Jaynes in wonderous awe.

"That's some aw' clever mother," he said hoarsely.

"Why not?"

"Because," he was deliberate, something awful has happened here. . . something for the police to handle. It's not what we thought.

He looked at the ground again. This was no more dummy—this was a grimacing thing of flesh and blood, a ghastly body whose open blue eyes stared into his own whose mouth almost seemed to speak. He chuckled and turned away, for he knew that death had long since drained these cheeks and stifled the quivering lips.

"God!" he breathed.

Then he chuckled as the crumbling side of the gully and ran across the starting earth to the road. Minutes later he changed into the office of the Mr. Edna Moberg Academy, a quarter-mile distant from the scene, found a telephone and limited the news into the startled ears of a desk woman at Oakland police headquarters.

The modern police radio system is a marvel of speaking speed, and a distant car was whizzing up the slope almost before Jones left the phone. By the time he came back to where he had left Miss Jaynes, the police automobile was just pulling to a stop nearby. Jones walked up to the officer. Patrolman George Armstrong, and introduced himself.

"You're the man who phoned the police?" Armstrong asked.

"Yes. The body's right down there in that gully."

Armstrong nodded, and walked briskly across the rough field. He was staring down into the crevice, shaking his head in disbelief when a second police car shot up the hill and brought Inspector Len Jewell and Tom Duffy of the Oakland police homicide squad to the scene. The two detectives, veterans of many a grim riddle in the East Bay metropolitan zone, joined Jones and Officer Armstrong, and together

ERACULA REBOEN?

At night in photomicrograph that says Grady, said in the strange "eracula" sleeping at Jones' Wright. When his remarkable resemblance to John Brown's famous, found after in the film version of "Theodore."



their heads photomicrograph that ghastly and shocking sight.

It was the body of a girl, there at their feet, a body of youth and beauty that must have been warm and living the preceding night, before the moon left Lawrence Lane and the stars fell into the distant sea. She was there peacefully on her back, with her lovely red-clad legs stretched out slightly apart, and her hair-lure across bangs wide.

She had rich coils of red-gold hair, and they threw back the light of the morning sun into nearly-matted copper coils. Her lips blue eyes were turned up to the sky. She was wearing a sleeping black capote down, but some ruffled band had cin it open before her neck and revealed the beauty of her full young breasts.

It seemed no expert to determine the manner of her death.

There was a neat, almost bloodless gash between the breasts like the hollow socket of an eye. It must have been made with one narrow powerful thrust of a large dagger or knife, for it was broad and deep enough to show the raw layers of muscle far under the skin. But there was something else, something sinister and cruel, and the horror of it struck the two detectives simultaneously.

There were three round holes, just at the base of the girl's point where neck-throat links broke, and they formed the points of a perfect triangle. They were marks of steady impact and instant death. They brought to mind a vampire's teeth—the vampire's fangs the human blood.

The detectives had heard something of the old Shrove tales of vampires. Balkan legend had recorded many a horror deed to show wickedly creatures which rose from the bodies of the dead to prey on the living and suck their blood. Such a story once appeared on the American screen in the picture "Dracula."

That was all right, as a quaint medieval superstition which modern science scoffed at. But here in Twentieth-century America, on the hills above Oakland, was the body of a beautiful girl whose neck bore the three marks.

Inspector Duffy looked at Jewell and there were round holes of cold sweat flowing on his face.

"What do you make of that, Len?" he said.

Jewell's face then was tense and puzzled. "I don't know. Tom, I never saw anything like it before. If I didn't know better I'd say those marks look like mine (mine) had grabbed her by the throat. He slipped down to his knees and



Shown is the spot revealing Oakland where James "White" went on his last "date." Officers are seen at right clustered around the body—buried even to death, as shown in official police photo below.



THOUGHT BODY WAS BUNNY

Police Captain Tharwood Brown felt questions flustered James, who discovered the body and first thought it a rabbit from Chicago.

gazed at the curious woman. "You just offend I'd make a guess that they were made with the same instrument that killed her."

"But why? Looks like the body, or whatever it was, was buried around in the wood. The holes aren't very deep."

Jewell jerked his hat back and wiped his brow.

"Maybe she was tortured. Maybe these marks are the signs of some sex cult. Maybe—oh, I don't know. But it's a bad business, plenty bad."

"Yeah. The girl doesn't look a day over eighteen."

Jewell stood up, brushing the dust from his knees. "Well, let's get busy and see what we can find. There ought to be a party at a hot record somewhere."

They spent the next fifteen minutes carefully going over the rough ground, each by each, looking for the seemingly insignificant holes that make all such parties take deeper shape. As they moved nothing, and Jewell, properly examining the body again, suddenly realized that someone had taken deliberate steps to conceal the victim's identity.

"Look here, Tom," he said. "This girl is used to wearing a wig with—you can see where a hole's made around her chin. And she had a ring, too," he added, pointing to

the middle finger of the girl's left hand. "Whoever did this stopped off every piece of jewelry she wore, and took along her hat and gloves too."

Duffy, who had been pacing off the distance between the gully and the road, and searching the grass, nodded and said:

"I guess the answer is that is that she was carried down onto the dock from some other place, probably the road. The ground was pretty damp last night, it was still soft when James got here this morning. Those high heels of hers would have made a trail of little holes if she had walked down with someone."

"How about the road?" Jewell asked. "Anything up there?"

"You-and me," Duffy said. "Come up and take a look."

The two men went back to the winding path over which countless couples had walked since the meadow first became a lecher's rendezvous. In the center of the road, almost on a direct line with the spot where the body lay, was a set of very clear tire marks. They showed that an automobile had come up the hill, parked on the muddy shoulder, then made a sharp U turn.

On the left side of the road, toward the bay, the detectives found footprints which told a significant story.

"Look, Tom," Jewell said eagerly. "Maybe these prints are the answer. You can see," he pointed to a spot where



GRIE-TORN
Before she hit, said
Mrs. Lawrence "Duffy,"
operator of the club
spot, he shot up the
woman when she
tried the victim.

ANOTHER LINE OF EVIDENCE

In photo above, Inspector Tom Duffy finds cigarette
butts Gray with James Wheeler's room, which Gray
had thrown in a trash can. At right above is Inspector
Joe Jewell, who pointed with Duffy to entering the case

the "I" here began "the suspects of a man's shoes there. He
was walking up and down."

"Right?" Duffy said, circling the marks. "There's a bunch
of cigarette butts. Half a dozen of them."

Any of them got lighted?

"No."

Jewell pointed his lips. "Then the girl probably was already
dead when this fellow started passing butts and light."

The tracks of the man's shoes led from that spot across
the road and the depth of the heel marks indicated that he
was walking backwards. But there was a second trail, two
parallel lines cut deeply into the ground and its meaning
instantly became quite clear.

"Have you got that figured the way I have?" Jewell asked.

"Sure," Duffy said. "The fellow brought the body up
here on a car. Or maybe the girl was still alive when they
got here. Anyway, he got out and walked around. He was
sweaty and smoked a lot of cigarettes. Finally he pulls her
out of the machine, drags her across the road and leaves
her in the gutter. Then he gets back on his car, makes a
sharp turn and goes slugging the hell."

Jewell agreed. "Perfect, Tom," he said. "In fact, it's so
logical there must be a hatch somewhere."

"I know. For instance, how do we know we've got the
right car marks?"

"We don't. But the chances are that this was the last
machine on the hill last night. It doesn't seem likely that
a man would commit a murder and carry a body across the
road if there was anyone else around. In any case, we'll
take note of the tire marks. I'll have something rope off
that part of the road."

Returning to the body, Jewell and Duffy confirmed part
of their theory when they found that the heels of the girl's
slimy black shoes were badly scuffed on the curb and spotted
with mud. They were still crawling through the woody
grass, looking for the murder weapon or other evidence,
when the minute windshield hardened up to the street, and
swerved away that vague symbol of crushed luxury and
route.



who knew their daughters occasionally sought romance under
the highway moon.

Immigration takes wild flight when murder of three in a
lovely spot, and the shocked community buzzed with fearful
talk of Greek waters, and running the hills on dark nights
to drink human blood. And there was justification for alarm.
A monster was at large, and even their officials trembled with
convulsed sports had no explanation for the triangle or tooth
like wounds in the victim's neck.

Inspector Jewell and Duffy, meanwhile, counted on the
evidence to help identify the girl.

The post-mortem was performed that same day by Dr.
G. B. Hester, Alameda County medical officer and his as-
sistant, Dr. J. M. Brown. It revealed the surprising informa-
tion, among other things, that this apparently beautiful girl
was an Alameda of proportion. She weighed 160 pounds and
was nearly six feet tall, but the medical men agreed that
her figure was one of the most symmetrical and perfect they
had ever seen. And since there were no lesions or wrinkles
on her body, the investigators assumed that the monster
must have been a large and powerful man. Only one with
great strength, they reasoned, could have mastered that strong
body, and driven the blade in its murderous depth.

There was no doubt Dr. Hester reported that death had
been instantaneous.

The incredible angle still virtually stood the girl's heart
in two, and the physicians estimated that she had been dead

BEFORE noon on December 7 the newspapers checked
the story of the "savage slaying" in Lower Lane. The
statement of the crime claimed the peaceful return of one
Oakland, and there was subtle apprehension among parents

VICTIM'S EMPLOYER

As told before in this space, Mrs. James, who learned about her son's death by newspaper editors, with names of Lewis' friends, friends, the police, while Lewis and his mother had been stripped from the scene and were their families' friends.



one seven hours before Jones found the body. The other three serious wounds, Dr. Hanks said, were barely bloody, and were caused either by the death blade, or some equally keen instrument. There was no medical evidence that the knife had violated the girl's body either before or after death. What could have been the motive?

Jewell and Duffy, comparing notes at headquarters, found themselves on a dead-end street.

They learned from the police information that the trouble on the road were made by Goodrich cars, such as those used on Plymouth, Dodge and several other light automobiles. They had interviewed half a dozen men and women whose homes were scattered across the hills above 16th Avenue and only one, Mrs. Betty Scarce, reported hearing anything unusual the night before.

"I was half asleep about 3:30 in the morning," she said, "when I heard a fierce and frightened scream coming from the direction of Lewis' Lane. There was only that one short cry then silence. Some minutes later I heard an automobile roaring down the hill, and its horn squeaked as it came around the corner. But I didn't see it—and that's all I know."

The detectives had made a little check of the Missing Persons Bureau. There was no one among that small army of lost and forgotten humans who fitted the description of the murdered girl. The bureau had no more retained its usual quota of frantic telephone calls that invariably follow the finding of unidentified dead.

Jewell and Duffy could do no more than supply newspapers with a full description of the girl, including the information that she was wearing a suit which her jacket, black except dress with stockings held up by a single embroidered garter, left, a pink blouse which had been covered by the knife, a pink slip and black shoes open at the toes.

Late that afternoon, with Jewell and Duffy anxiously watching the clock, making that every passing minute gave the murderer more time for flight, a young man walked hesitantly into the family emergency.

"Excuse me," he said in a shaking voice to the attendant, "but I'd like to look at the body of that girl who—the one they found up in the hills."

The attendant glanced at him narrowly. "What's your name?" Why do you want to see her?"

The man's voice was barely audible as he replied. "My name is Forsberg," he said. "Henry Forsberg. I think I'm afraid I know who she is."

"All right. Wait just a minute, please."

The attendant telephoned Inspector Jewell, who hurried to the morgue, and a moment later Forsberg looked at the smiling blue light breathing the dead girl's face on its base of cold stone. He shuddered and turned to Jewell.

"That's Lena," he said huskily. "Lena Vaght. I've known her family for years. Her father, Leonard Vaght, has a little bakery shop out on Foothill Boulevard. She's one of the finest girls I ever knew. I don't understand how—"

His voice broke, and Jewell said softly, "I know just how you feel, and I'm sorry you had to see her like that. But I'm glad to find out who she is."

An hour later Leonard Vaght's door, having mother walked into that same chilling world of the dead, and looked down nothing upon the still beauty of her oldest child, trying to believe the dream that walked out such a young and lovely life. Then, back to sharp reality on the homicide squad officers, she gave what meager information she could.

[T WAS not an unobscured pattern, the history of Lena Vaght's short span of life.

She had graduated from Oakland's Fremont High School three years before, a popular and talented student who, as student, was on the scholastic honor roll. She went to the University of California for one semester and then, because severity demanded a remunerative education, left there to enter the Los Angeles Beauty School in downtown Oakland. She was so proficient that she obtained a position as an instructor following her completion of the course, and she was working there when death caught up.

In recent months her beauty (Continued on page 40)

Mark of the Vampire

(Continued from page 11)

had attracted a dense mob. She had gone out with them in confusion, and had shown no preference. And Mrs. Vagles recalled that Laura had never, until the preceding final night, failed to arrive home before 11 P.M.

"And you know of no one who had frequented her, or associated with her?" Jewell asked thoughtfully.

"No one," Mrs. Vagles replied. "We know the young men. Laura had been going out with. I'm sure most of them would have done a thing like this."

"Stranger things have happened, Mrs. Vagles," the detective said simply. "In any case, we would appreciate a list of these names. Even if some of them are worthless, we may get some valuable information."

On the evening of December 2, and twelve hours after the discovery of the body, the investigation had reached a stage where Jewell and Duffy could no longer study the borders of detail alone. There was further work to do: there were at least two dozen men and women to find and question, and Police Chief Harry Williams arranged the preliminary interview in the eve.

Jewell and Duffy began their night's work by preparing a list of the personal effects known from the mutilated girl's body and clothes. They learned from Miss Vagles that Laura had been wearing a gold gilt ring and a wrist watch she had received as a high school graduation present. And she had carried a black handbag which, among other things, contained a cigarette, gold cigarette holder. The detective turned the list over to the policeman, and then began calling on some of the girls who had been Laura's rivals at the beauty school.

The first three interviews were blank. The girls concerned claimed only slight acquaintance with their beautiful neighbor. They had never seen her with any man nor could they recall any remarks she had made about her "date." But at their fourth stop, the home of Marion Denon, the detectives were given an enlightening glance behind the veil that seemed to mask Laura. Vagles's tale after dark.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell about this," Miss Denon said, "but I know that Laura had a date last night."

Jewell frowned. "Anything that happens to a murder case is important," he said a little brusquely. "Who was the man?"

"I don't know his name," the girl said, hesitating. "No—well, Laura was sort of excited about it. She had been out with the man before. She—she said he made advances the first time. She said she was going to take another chance on him but that she had her fingers crossed."

"And you don't know who he is?" Jewell was persistent.

"I'm sorry, I don't. But Laura pointed him out to me once and I'll know him again if I see him. He was very good looking and of the most handsome men I've ever seen."

"Well," Duffy said philosophically, "perhaps we're getting somewhere."

"Maybe some of the other girls know the man," Miss Denon suggested. "Why don't you ask them?"

Jewell had to smile at that. "Thank you very much. We will, Goodnight."

The detective continued their rounds with their perspective on Laura Vagles's shadow considerably changed. Apparently the hidden-haired girl had gone out the night before on what the younger woman, like sometimes calls a "third date." How large she was not aware of "knowing" even while admitting she felt some apprehension about the man. Therefore it was reasonable to assume that the man had repeated his previous advances, been rejected—and then had murdered her in a fury of frustration.

The puzzle here was built a more solid foundation under the analysis.

For Jewell and Duffy discovered that the man, whether girl who was in danger by day, was concerned about the man went down into a warehouse at the freight yards and the ready place, where phones click and wiring leads there. She was well known in the downtown dance halls, and her shapely figure had decorated a pool no more than one bar in the city's taverns left. Sometimes, they learned, Laura was accompanied by dark young men, on other occasions she walked into the place alone or with other girls.

Finally, running down this information and the investigation came upon something definite—a clue that would ultimately give the truth once a black-haired find. With the help of Miss Hazel Day, owner of the beauty school, Jewell and Duffy rounded up three of Laura's closest friends—Anna May Ford, Lillian Yarrow and Rosa Thompson.

And from these three confidants the Laura had been seen by at least fifty people on the corner of Twelfth Street and Third way, long after two o'clock before her dark transformations, she was waiting at that busy intersection probably for the very man who would soon slither a knife into her throat. The three girls said that Laura came along to a dance hall in that block shortly before midnight. At 1 o'clock, looking for a nearby restaurant where they asked Laura to "wait along and have a hot drink."

"Did she go?" Jewell asked.

"No," Anna Ford answered. "She said she had another date at two o'clock. She said she was going out with a new boy friend who was going to pick her up at her job."

"And did you see that man?" Jewell snapped.

"No, no all was lost. He came along Broadway, stopped for a moment, and then Laura got in his car and drove off with him."

"What kind of a car?" Jewell snapped.

The girl hesitated an instant in the face of the detective's inquiry. "Pretty nice car," "I think it was a Dodge, but I'm not positive."

Jewell had one more burning question. "His name," he said deliberately. "Do you know the man's name?"

"Only this much"—Anna Ford smiled at the grim import of her words—she called him "Jack."

"Nothing else?"

"No—he has his manner that he worked for a railroad."

Jewell glanced at his partner and caught a glimpse of the emphasis that shined in his own determined mind. He stood up, moved on the lot. "Thank you, Miss Ford. You've helped out a lot. Let's go, Tom."

INSIDE DETECTIVE

JEWELL and Duffy have too much on their minds to realize that they could be quickly lost. They know they were only guessing that the whole phony party traced Loomis' mysterious after-dinner trip traced was a local job. It was quite good to find the unadorned "Red" was only one more name on the roster of the party's friends. There were also familiar with an uncle that had only been whispered at parties—some of whom attended on occasion to the club neighborhood where Loomis died.

There had been at least half a dozen complaints—women confessed walking home alone at night, others lived on the hills and attacked, all others who stopped for welcome attention only because they wanted for help. And though John got out cars provided the driver's side after eight, no one was ever caught.

Perhaps Loomis might had run across that mysterious phantom and around him to the highest state.

Another night showed them over the waters they and the two detectives had been to their big new ponds the next day with better results. For actually they had only two targets here—"Red" and a Union automobile—and searching the club about the thousands of employees in half a dozen real railroad companies was a tremendous task.

But it had to be done.

They spent hours that hour getting over the personal records of railroad men, crossing past their past of every few days, thousands, over short for them three days R.O.D. They were looking for other names, names, names—names of last names that might be lost over of those streets named Dodge automobiles. Finally about toward dark, they came upon a name on the roster of the small Pacific Pacific office staff—was Rodney Gray of Berkeley. A quick check on with J. H. Cronin, general manager of the office, confirmed the fact that Gray drove a Dodge—and was "usually last name."

Jewell and Duffy hurried back to headquarters and there on one of those department employees that rarely occur, they discovered that Detective Lieutenant Robert Gray had just written that name name—"Rodney Gray" on a pad before his interview.

"Well, I'll be damned," Jewell exploded. "Why'd you get that?"

"A friend of mine just called in," Tracy said. "He heard us were looking for someone with the name Rod who worked at a railroad office. He said he knew a fellow who might be our man and that is the name he gave me. Small world, isn't it?"

Jewell and Duffy stared at one another. "You said it," Duffy said and wrote. "We work all day running down this angle and you get it on the telephone in two minutes. I just hope it isn't a long shot."

"That won't take long to find out," Jewell said and wrote. "Come. We're not happy on hand—at 274 Carter Street in Berkeley."

They jumped into a squad car, rolled on through the gate, two-trailers across at Oakland and all together. Berkeley and they reached Carter Street. It was a place of streets—a place of cheap groceries, scattered dwellings and houses, houses of back from the streets to houses of law. All trace. The sturdy columned halls of the University of California were only a half desert and the whole community looked desolate. It was a curious street place to look for a hit.

But Duffy, stepping down in front of No. 274 and turning his spotlight on the street door, knew immediately that they were reaching the end of the trail. For

there was a Dodge sedan parked there and Duffy, stepping out with a flashlight, called out to Jewell.

"Look at them two, Lou. Goodrich! I'll bet a year's pay they'll make these cars as fast."

He tried the door to the driver's seat, but it was locked. "Let's go in," he said. "I'll stick at the back door, Lou. You can let me in after you're ready."

Jewell stepped across the lawn and rang the front doorbell. It was opened on a moment by a woman dressed in pajamas and bathrobe and he looked at the detective curiously.

"Are you Rodney?" Jewell said.

"No—my brother's relative, where. Come in."

Jewell crossed the threshold into the hall, and he was so sure that this was a house of vulgar and refinement. He found a hard to believe that he was there on a game and to find that that perhaps some member of this little household was making a mother's work. At that moment an old woman, middle-aged woman came slowly down the spiral stairs. She was wearing a nightgown and there were shadows of one eye under her questioning eyes.

"I am Mrs. Gray," she said. "Rodney's mother. Come, there some guests."

"Not at all," Jewell replied with that old understanding. "I just wanted to ask what time the boy got home Tuesday night. Just a little matter in connection with his car."

"Why, I was gone late, the last probably. After midnight."

And then she asked the date of her son. Jewell went upstairs where in a back bedroom found where he found later was Rodney Gray, twenty-two years old. Jewell noted while the following youth slipped into his clothes and then with him drove to the street where Duffy was now waiting.

"Let's go," Jewell spoke to a look.

"Why don't you tell us what happened?" The youth entered his handsome face up to the level of the detective's quizzical eyes and said calmly: "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, you just do. You know Loomis?"

"Oh, Loomis." The meaning of his cheeks replied, and he quickly at his chin seemed deeper as the two light shined from the windows of the house. "Yes, I know her."

"Who did you kill her?" Jewell barely raised his voice.

"I don't."

Duffy swung the rear door of the car and stepped mechanically into the two bedrooms. He stood up again, and his hand looked white and moved under the ceiling beam of the bed. He was holding something long and shiny and spotted with brown.

"Here's the knife, Lou," he said. "He didn't even open off the blade."

Jewell's right hand gripped Rodney Gray's arm, and the youth stopped and moved drawing eyes on that gleaming steel handle with which a young girl's hair had been caught.

"Well, from a quivering mouth. I guess you've got me."

A MINUTE later after opening a pocket under the dashboard and looking over Loomis' finger watch and ring, Rodney Gray was on his way to police headquarters. He had not even had time to his prepared parents, and they did not know until some hours afterward that he had continued to approach crime. The two girls had had some more recovered from a brief stay at Northridge and after several, when Gray had driven them after leaving Loomis' home.

The neighborhood, suddenly around rough told her story of his crime to half a dozen police officers on the streets.



sound officers that same night. Joseph asked her, "For heaven's sake, why did you let it go?"

"Getting drunk and the corners of his cupped, feminine mouth met and of him. 'I don't know,' he answered. 'I don't know.' It was just an impulse."

"You see," I said. "I met Laura Davidson, when I said I would. It's been me with her two or three times, and I told her. We drove out to El Cerrito and had some sleep over. Then we went out to San Leandro and drove back along Franklin Boulevard and I turned off at 10th Avenue and drove up into the hills. We ran over a ledge in the road, parking, and Laura said it hurt her stomach."

"She was feeling kind of low and said she wanted to have her appendix taken out. She started talking about suicide, and as I pulled out my hunting knife and touched her neck with the point."

"You haven't got the nerve to do it," I said to her. She took the knife and made a few passes at me playfully and then I took a swing. I got out of the car walked around and got to home, but she said, "No, they're coming up after me. I'll let her have it. I don't know why, but I let her have it. I stabbed her once between the breasts. She screamed and got into and felled up."

"I left the knife sticking in her and went around making arrangements for about fifteen minutes. Then I opened the door, dragged her out of the car and across to the ditch. I wanted to see if she was dead, so I took the knife out and stuck her in the neck three times to see if she would bleed."

"But then would any blood, and I knew she was dead. I didn't touch her under— I never touched her. She bled, I don't know why I did it."

"Then Rodney Gray finished his shooting contest, and they took her away to a car."

"The next day when Joseph and Duffy went through the rig in which expose the dirt deeds of all California's officials, large and small, they found that Rodney Gray had fulfilled numerous predictions made about him years before."

"He had a record of petty offenses dating back to the time when he was only about seven old—starting in taking his shoes, stealing an automobile, breaking into a house, pushing someone containing pictures of nude women, burglary, breaking into a bank, robbing. And for all these transgressions he had been punished only once, with a term in the Prison Reformatory. The court said, at the time, 'He is a scoundrel, with a type of apt which, if not curbed, will develop a bad criminal and a real menace.'"

"The 'yes' was not worked—and a real Laura Virginia her life."

"There was one other thing brought to light, and it may provide the real answer to the cause of his conscience that he told. The jurk told detectives that he had been

receiving treatments from a physician— treatments definitely confined to him long just single years."

"Man," he said to Joseph, "I'm played out. I'm exhausted mentally, but you can keep up the past night after night and not break down."

"Rodney Gray was a jaded Faust—a tempter-son."

And according to Kralik-Bang, Harry took this and other confessions as very serious, but his of several years may have reduced the infinite numbers which he relied on as a brutal and merciless punisher. The records of nature and law telling are crowded with parallel cases of men who used deadly weapons to achieve "complete satisfaction" of "women" when they are otherwise unable to do their duties. And when Rodney Gray says, "I don't know why I did it, it was just an impulse," he may be doing to truth that course of law duty to admit.

Meanwhile, detectives were digging up more information about the accused youth. They found that he worked as a stenographer, and that he went to work

When Rodney Gray's act of violence is complete, he is taken Virginia and the bodies of his victims were. The Q. P. Martin is shown at left examining the accused youth.

the day after the murder apparently untroubled by remorse, for his transgression was finished.

Moreover, Mrs. Gray, Clara Barrett, who had married Gray in 1916 and separated from him a few days later told police that she had lived in fear of him for two years. He had threatened her repeatedly, she said, and always the threat had carried the hint of stabbing and not love.

Again, it appears, more an obsession in Rodney Gray's strange brain. The three triangle-shaped marks on Laura Virginia's neck are proof enough of that.

What gray impulse caused him to bludge that woman's neck on the dead beauty's body? The most explanation—that he did it "to get off his own chest"—is obviously an evasion. He could have feared for a husband. He could have felt for a father or looked for signs of heartache.

But no. The killer of Laura Virginia took his wife, beat away his victim, and with poisoning pain made his mark to help that was still worse.

The answer, if it ever is found, will be found in the man's brain. Gray, now under the law, has been examined by many by Dr. Hamilton, and three other attempts have been appointed to examine him, but as the writing they have not answered their final aim. The government has pleaded for police, and not again by reason of money.

And up to the same old-fashioned brains about Oakland about the complex brain (the complex complex still, even to Laura's last). Some wonder can be forgiven when the night are worst and the light were down below.

INSIDE detective

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